

ACT II] LADY WINDERMERE'S
FAN

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Lord Windermere. I will not—I cannot—she must come!

Lady Windermere. Then I shall do exactly as I have said.

[Goes R] You leave me no choice. *[Exit R.]*

Lord Windermere. [Calling after her.] Margaret! Margaret!

[A pause] ^ My God! What shall I do? I dare not tell her who this woman really is. The shame would kill her.

[Sinks down into a chair and buries his face in his hands.]

ACT DROP

SECOND ACT

SCENE

Drawing-room in Lord Windermere's house. Door R U opening into ball-room, where band is playing. Door L, through which guests are entering. Door L U opens on to illuminated terrace. Palms, flowers, and brilliant lights. Room crowded with guests. Lady Windermere is receiving them.

Duchess of Berwick. [Up C.] So strange Lord Windermere isn't here. Mr. Hopper is very late, too. You have kept those five dances for him, Agatha? *[Comes down.]*

Lady Agatha. Yes, mamma.

Duchess of Berwick. [Sitting on sofa.] Just let me see your card. I'm so glad Lady Windermere has revived cards. They're a mother's only safeguard. You dear simple little thing! *[Scratches out two names.]* No nice girl should ever waltz with such particularly younger sons! It looks so fast! The last two dances you might pass on the terrace with Mr. Hopper.

Enter Mr. Dumby and Lady Plymdale from the ball-room.

Lady Agatha. Yes, mamma.

Duchess of Berwick. [Fanning herself.] The air is so pleasant there.

Parker. Mrs. Cowper - Cowper. Lady

Stutfield. Sir James

Royston. Mr. Guy Berkeley.

[These people enter as

announced.]

Dumby. Good evening., Lady Stutfield. I suppose this will be the last ball of the season?

Lady Stutfield. I suppose so, Mr. Dumby. It's been a delightful season, hasn't it?